Quick, now, car-a-mel dip, Give it up to the run-a-way ship. Hail now, hail to the bitch! The hairy literary with the nervous, nervous twitch. Shy, a light pops out, and we stand there astounded and we pound our heads and shout: We shout alleluia. Look what it did to ya. Oh, a horrible mess and we’re eatin’ by the river in the Sunday dress. Oh, serve-
F 7 G 9 E 7 A 9

nade me Eat-in' my bis-cuits and gra- vy You are miss-in' from me as you

J 8

jug- gle with your un-cle the red, red sea I will wait, or will knock my knees and talk to you,

G 9 C 7 F 7 C 7

oh so still Oh Shen-ando- daba

C 7 F 7 C 7 F 7 C 7 F 7

we just cross the wide Mis-sou- ri You are_
_so_ oh-oh-oh_ oh balm_y____ Shh_ to my wor_ ry____ FM7

Quick, now, car-a-mel dip, Give__ it up to the run-a-way ship Life's so sweet and so low, bur-

ied in the wa-ter, yeah, bur-ied in the__ snow____ so__ dear, deep, and so dark, sleep__ in' un-der pa-pers in the

cen-tral park Twen-ti-eth floor bal-co-ny__ hou-ses what is home to me__
Erin

\[ \text{C M7} \]

\[ \text{FM7add4} \]

\[ \text{a tempo} \]

\[ \text{sim.} \]